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The MENTOR

October 1925

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STORY OF THE REAL DAVID GRAYSON

THE JEFFERSON AND WASHINGTON MEMORIALS

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THE REAL DAVID GRAYSON

HIS HOME, HIS WORK AND HIS STORY TOLD BY HIS FRIEND AND NEIGHBOR

WALTER A. DYER

From a photograph by Sherril Schell

A BRANCH OF "YELLOW TRANSPARENTS" IN GRAYSON'S ORCHARD

"I knew for the first time how perfect in deliciousness such an apple could be. A mild, serene, ripe, rich bouquet—compounded essence of the sunshine from these old Massachusetts hills."
—*Great Possessions*

"WHAT *I am seeking is something as simple and as quiet as the trees or the hills—just to look out around me at the pleasant countryside, to enjoy a little of this passing show, to meet (and to help a little if I may) a few human beings, and thus to get more nearly into the sweet kernel of human life. My friend, you may or may not think this a worthy object; if you do not, stop here, go no further with me; but if you do, why, we'll exchange great words on the road; we'll look up at the sky together; we'll see and hear the finest things in this world! We'll enjoy the sun!*"

DAVID GRAYSON.

From a photograph by Sherri Schell

THE BAKER HOME IN AMHERST

In 1909 he fell in love with this great elm tree and with the magnificent view of fields and hills beyond, and he built his house between them

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THE REAL DAVID GRAYSON

His Home, His Work and His Story Told by His Friend and Neighbor

WALTER A. DYER

EDITORIAL NOTE: This article has been prepared for The Mentor by special arrangement, and with the generous coöperation of Mr. Ray Stannard Baker ("David Grayson"). The photographic illustrations were made by Sherril Schell during a recent visit to Mr. Baker's home in Amherst, Massachusetts.

Photo by Prof. Frank A. Waugh

RAY STANNARD BAKER
("David Grayson")

Some years ago, when the fact was first revealed that David Grayson, author of "Adventures in Contentment" and its successors, was Ray Stannard Baker, I was conscious of a sense of disillusionment. I had come to love this Grayson person through his writings, and to learn that there was no such actual personality, strictly speaking, was like being told that there was no Santa Claus. But to me and thousands of other readers David Grayson remains to-day as much a real person as he ever was, and the reason for that is that he *is* a real person. Baker did not invent this personality; he merely *released a part of himself and gave it a name.*

Hempfield is, more or less, an imaginary place. Ray Baker does not live on exactly the sort of farm on which he placed David Grayson. He is not a bachelor. There are, I believe, no such actual people as Horace, the Scotch preacher and Harriet. And yet they are essentially true. While the episodes and characters are often as literal as writing can make them, save only for changes in names and places, Baker has constructed, as any artist must, a background for the setting of his narratives. So far as the adventures of his mind and heart and soul are concerned, he has experienced them all and has told of them through the lips of David Grayson. They are thus the true and sincere message of Ray Stannard Baker, and the thing that has gripped these thousands of readers, the Graysonian philosophy of life, is Baker's philosophy of life.

I have come to realize this since knowing Baker intimately, for it is my privilege to be his neighbor and friend. I suppose many persons have known

© Photo by Bachrach

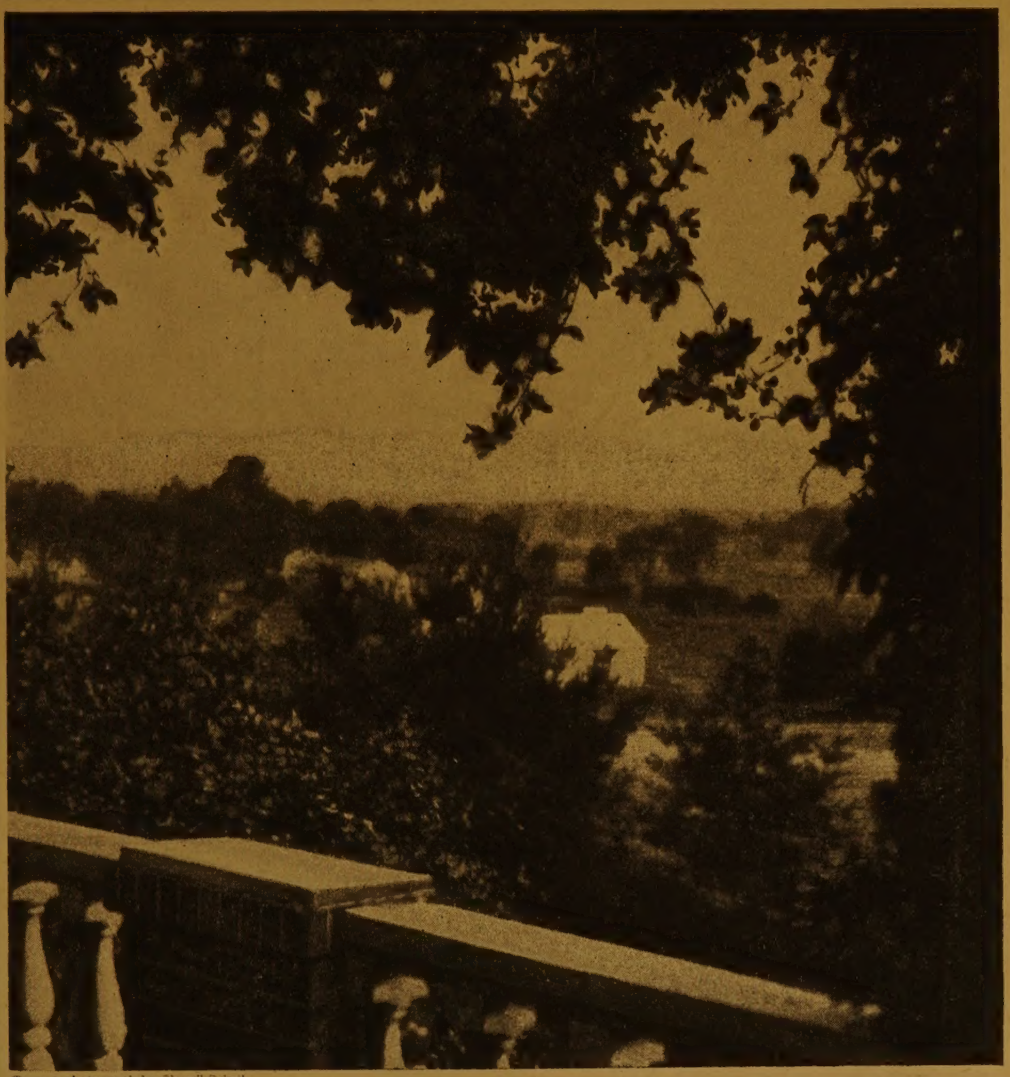
MR. BAKER IN HIS STUDY AT AMHERST

He is by profession a writer and a student of affairs. In David Grayson he finds a release of the warmer, reflective side of his nature—"the real expression of a life much occupied in other employment"

Baker without glimpsing Grayson, or rather without knowing that they were glimpsing Grayson. Put crudely, Baker is a successful writer and a clear-sighted man of affairs; Grayson is a poet and a dreamer and an Abou ben Adhem among men. These two personalities are evident in the work he has produced. In the man himself they exist simultaneously and harmoniously.

To understand all this one must know something of Baker's career. Let me first speak of Ray Stannard Baker the writer. He has been known for a score of years as a student of industrial and political problems. His work as official press representative for the Paris Peace Conference brought him into special prominence, followed by his book, "Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement." It is now generally known that he has been appointed the authorized biographer for President Wilson, a work that will keep him busy for several years. A recorder and interpreter of the great events of our time—that is the more obvious Baker.

He lives in Amherst, Massachusetts, but he is a world ranger. He knows everybody and is on terms of intimacy with many of the great ones of the earth. He is always amazing me with casual references to conversations with some personage whom I have vaguely associated with newspaper headlines. And he attained this outlook not by ambitious climbing but through the simple process of attending to his job as a journalist and writer.



From a photograph by Sherril Scheil

DAVID GRAYSON ENJOYS THIS VIEW FROM HIS VERANDA
It is a great joy, he says, to own a few acres; it is an even greater joy to own a wide view

The secret lies in his conception of that job, and of that I shall speak presently. First, however, it would be pertinent to give a few facts as to his early life.

Ray Stannard Baker was born in Lansing, Michigan, in 1870. His family moved, when he was a child, to the borderland of northern Wisconsin while yet the Indians scoured the forests and plains. As a boy he became familiar with the rough life of the pioneer. He went to a backwoods school with Americans and near-Americans of all sorts, and tramped and camped about the untamed Wisconsin countryside, learning things about nature and human nature not taught in the schools.

From a photograph by Sherril Schell

VISTA FROM DAVID GRAYSON'S WINDOW

It looks out across his flower garden, his vegetable garden and orchard, and his field of alfalfa; across the farms of Hadley to Mt. Tom and the Holyoke Range

He studied at the Michigan Agricultural College and later at the University of Michigan. Then he went to Chicago and from 1892 to 1897 served his journalistic apprenticeship on the staff of the "Chicago Record."

All the while he was tramping the streets of Chicago and doing his daily task as a newspaper reporter he was learning how to write—how to get at the kernel of things and how to put words together so that they would record accurately what was in his mind. He was learning, too, something about men and their motives and their ways of going about things, and what all this meant in relation to the main currents of our civilization.

Also he was seeking for something above and beyond and beneath all this. He had visions—vague, youthful visions—and he was seeking for some means of giving them expression. He eventually found in two places what he sought. He found it in the streets of Chicago, where he became intensely interested in the life problems of the "under dog" of human society; that made Ray Stannard Baker the publicist, the crusader, the hot reformer. He also found it on solitary walks in the country, in casual contacts with unvarnished strangers and in the exercise of imaginative writing late at night and early in the morning; that produced, in time, David Grayson.

And so he found himself writing stories. I have never been able to decide

which is closer to his heart, his interpretive or his imaginative writing. He has a keen, boyish zest for them both, and that is why he is never content to be known merely as David Grayson. But I fancy that in those days his most thrilling adventures were with his stories. He loved to invent characters and throw them into unusual situations and see what would become of them.

He sent stories and articles to the "Century," to the "Youth's Companion" and to "McClure's," and they liked them so well that one day he received a telegram from John S. Phillips, the editor of "McClure's:" "Come to New York."

This telegram naturally produced the greatest excitement in the Baker household. "It quite turned my head," he says. He got leave and went.

"I want you to come down here and write," said Mr. Phillips.

"But I've got a good job in Chicago," protested Baker, "and a growing family to support, and I can't just cut loose in this fashion."

"Never mind," said Mr. Phillips, "come down."

Baker went. There was a lot of doubt and mystery about it all, but

From a photograph by Sherril Schell

GRAYSON AT WORK IN HIS GARDEN

"When I am at work, then I have only to look up to see the world go by. And I never see a traveler on the hill without feeling that if I met him I should like him, and that whatever he had to say I should like to hear."—*Adventures in Friendship*

there was also faith. That was in 1898. Baker became editor of McClure's Syndicate, and for six years associate editor of the magazine—and he kept writing all the time.

Those were the days when the profession of magazine journalism was being rapidly developed in this country. The "fact story" became the thing. Ida M. Tarbell, Samuel Hopkins Adams, William Allen White, Lincoln Steffens and a dozen others rose to prominence. Baker wrote about railroads, and the Negro problem, and "The Spiritual Unrest," and other big subjects; and these writings, brought together, began to give him a foothold in the world of books.

Mr. McClure wanted him to go around the world, traveling by way of the Trans-Siberian Railway and thence to Australia. He got all ready, and then went to Turkey. Perhaps that was the time when he was halted at Vienna by cablegram and sent to Constantinople to bring home Miss Stone, the kidnapped missionary. At all events he was in the thick of things; the world was his stage.

The fame of many of the magazine journalists and world reformers of that day soared and fell like a rocket. Baker's has gone steadily on. I think that is because his ideals of journalism were based on solid ground. He steadfastly refused to seek effect through sensational overstatement. Truth and sincerity became his lodestars. He gained the confidence of editors and public. He never took up the rôle of special pleader, but remained always the recorder and interpreter of facts. That is what he is to-day.

But he would never have so succeeded as a journalist if nature had not endowed him with imagination. It is an imagination in perfect control. It does not lead him into fantastic invention; it merely helps him to see things as a whole and to find the interpretation.

Now enter David Grayson.

While Baker was at work on those articles for "McClure's" and the books which grew out of them, and was traveling to the far corners of the earth, his family moved back to Michigan, and during his periods of rest and of actual writing he lived there in the country rather than in New York. While he was doing his book on Germany and the series of articles that was later published as "Following the Color Line," he was often away from home for months at a time, and when he got back nature asserted itself and demanded a rest. He was growing tired of globe-trotting and the feverish haste of New York journalism. He had to have relief, physical and spiritual; and something in the back of his mind, something in his soul, clamored for attention and nourishment.

The life he was leading ceased any longer to satisfy him. He had a sense of being too busy trying to reform the world without having taken the time to learn how to command his own spirit. Something of this revolt he has expressed in the early chapters of "Adventures in Contentment."

From a photograph by Sherrll Schell

"THE FRIENDLY ROAD"

In the Pelham Hills, not far from Amherst, one of Grayson's haunts. "I prefer the little roads, the little, unexpected, curving, leisurely country roads."—*The Friendly Road*

From a photograph by Sherril Schell

A REST ON THE FRIENDLY ROAD

"Those old hand-wrought stone fences of the hills and Crewsbury, the best of them, were built to last a thousand years."—*Great Possessions*

So it came about that he began to indulge in long walks in the country. He wanted time to look squarely at life and to think about it.

"I tramped all over that Michigan countryside," he says, "and through the northern Wisconsin region of my boyhood, for miles in every direction, talking with the farmers, sometimes stopping overnight with them, loafing through pleasant little towns, taking a new look at life and nature—a look that became more fascinating the more intimate it was. Since then I have walked in New England and old England and France and Arizona, and always with the greatest satisfaction."

He thus began to foster another personality that lived in the open among simple people, in whose stories and lives and problems he began to take a deeper and deeper interest. All the simple processes of country life became absorbing to him.

Baker has always kept capacious notebooks in which he records the impressions of the fleeting moment—observations, facts, thoughts, incidents, ideas. Sometimes these are mere catch phrases; sometimes they are fully developed narratives.

"A writer," he says, "needs to sketch, just as a painter does. He can learn to write in no other way. The worthless sketches are easily destroyed, the worth-while ones filled in and perfected at leisure in the study."

During these country walks in Michigan and Wisconsin, and later in New England, he filled his notebooks to overflowing with the ideas and impressions which they produced, with verbal pictures of country life, with casual

wayside adventures.

It was in those years also that he began to be interested in gardening and fruit growing—in doing all of the quiet work with his own hands; and that interest has also intensified with the years. Digging in that miniature Michigan garden he dreamed dreams ("one can think," he asserts, "in a garden!") and slowly the early Grayson papers, set down at first in the notebooks as actual adventures, began to take shape. There was absolutely no thought of publication in this sketching; it was merely an attempt to write himself clear on many of the problems that disturb every reflective spirit.

From a photograph by Sherry Schell

DAVID GRAYSON AND HIS FRIENDS THE BEES

"I estimate the bee population upon our small acreage, on a bright day like this, at not less than 600,000, and yet people will say that the country is lonesome!"—*Adventures in Understanding*

"I wrote," he says, "because I had to, because it relieved and satisfied something in me. I have written more than one book and many an article that was pure toil, but every word of the Grayson books was written for the sheer sense of release and joy which the writing gave me."

In 1906 John S. Phillips gathered about him a group of adventurous writers, including several of the old McClure group, and proposed starting a new magazine. There were Ida M. Tarbell, Finley Peter Dunne ("Mr. Dooley") and William Allen White, besides two or three experienced editors—altogether a brilliant company. And there was Ray Stannard Baker.

They bought "The American Magazine" that Ellery Sedgwick had recently built up on the old "Frank Leslie's Monthly." They changed its form, developed some ideas for illustration and make-up, and started in with enthusiasm. They felt they had a mission.

From a drawing by Thomas Fogarty in "The Friendly Road." Courtesy Doubleday, Page & Co.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING, NEIGHBOR?"

At the beginning the members of the staff wrote half the magazine, and soon they were begging one another to dig down into their trunks and barrels and produce even more. Baker bethought himself of his notebooks. He was doubtful about them, but he copied out enough to make half a dozen chapters, changing the names and incidents to prevent identification, and sent the manuscript down to Phillips.

Phillips glanced at a few pages. Then he sat down and began to read. As soon as he could pry himself loose he went to the telegraph office and wired to Baker: "You've done it! Manuscript a delight. Send more at once."

These humble adventures of Baker's were not the sort of thing he had been doing as an active magazine reporter, apparently chiefly concerned with persons and events of the day's history. They were quiet; they were peaceful; they seemed to be entirely different in character from the experiences of the great reporter who gathered his material in high places.

They were all written in the first person, just as Baker had recorded the ideas he had conceived and the experiences he had enjoyed. It was Baker talking, and yet somehow it wasn't exactly the Baker that his associates knew. It was a side of him that had thus far been denied expression in print.

And here a practical problem arose. How were these "adventures" to be used? Baker was already contributing an article, sometimes two articles, to each number of the magazine. What would people think of another series by the same writer in a wholly different key?

"It seemed to me then," says Baker, "that the articles that I was writing

were supremely important. I felt that I was reforming the world! And to confuse the issue with my adventures in such a different field seemed downright folly. Besides that, I had not the slightest idea that these new writings would interest anybody, let alone make a success."

This and the succeeding drawings by Thomas Fogarty are taken from "Adventures in Friendship." Courtesy Doubleday, Page & Co.

For this reason, and because he wanted complete anonymity, he chose a pen name —David Grayson. The secret was not to be divulged to a soul, not even to the associates on the magazine. Not even Thomas Fogarty, the artist who illustrated the Grayson papers with such sympathy and skill, knew who the author was or what he looked like; he had to invent a David Grayson of his own.

For ten long years the identity of David Grayson was kept a profound secret. Baker had to answer hundreds of letters addressed to David Grayson, and sometimes it was difficult to prevent admiring disciples from seeking him out in person. When "Adventures in Contentment" was brought out in book form it was necessary for the author to come in contact with his publishers, but the secret was here preserved by making two contracts, one between David Grayson and the firm of Doubleday, Page & Co., and the other between Ray Stannard Baker and Walter H. Page, late ambassador to Great Britain. Mr. Page kept the secret nobly, and though some of us in the publishing house had shrewd suspicions it was not publicly disclosed until March, 1916, when "The Bookman" published the facts. The truth would not have been made public even then had it not been for the activities of two or three impostors, one of them lecturing under David Grayson's name, who produced a situation at once amusing and irritating. Baker has some delightful stories to tell about that.

But to return to the Grayson papers themselves. They appeared at just the psychological moment. The reading public had become surfeited with sensations; the world was too much with us; men needed a relief, just as Baker had needed a relief up there in Michigan. These papers in "The American Magazine" fired the popular imagination in a most unexpected manner

and the name of David Grayson went around the world. Literally that, for the books have had as great a success in Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa as in America, and parts of them, translated into several foreign languages, have added thousands to the number of Grayson followers.

No one, it is safe to say, was so astonished at this reaction as Baker himself. He could not understand how these papers, written, with no intent of publication, about the simplest subjects in which it seemed that only he himself was interested, should have found such a reading public and brought down upon him such an inundation of letters. He says he is still wholly unable to understand it. To me, however, it seems not so strange.

I can vividly recall my first introduction to David Grayson in print. Someone had told me I ought to read those first "Adventures in Contentment," and I took the magazine with me one morning on my trip from the northern end of Manhattan to Fourteenth Street. I began to read, and the noise and turmoil of the city faded from my senses. There came to me, there in the crowded subway, a vision of clear skies and broad, green acres, a sense of the joy of possessing a bit of Mother Earth, a feeling of kinship with a soul that had cut loose and had sought Nature's healing. And I dreamed of a life like that for myself, on a farm, with all the homely surroundings of a country life—a dream that has since come true.

All over the country and in the far corners of the earth men and women responded in like manner. There was some magnetic quality here. Grayson had touched a note of common humanity; he had voiced a common need.

The rest of Baker's story is quickly told. He has never "retired" nor sought a false peace and contentment in solitude. He has continued his busy life; often he is to be found in his old haunts in New York and Washington. But his home is in the little college town of Amherst.

He lives in a beautiful house which commands a broad view of the Hadley farming lands and meadows, sweeping to the hills. He does not live on a farm like that pictured in the Grayson books, but he has fields and an orchard

From a photograph by Sherril Schell

A WALK IN THE COUNTRY

David Grayson stops for a chat in the barnyard of one of his many country friends

and a garden in which he loves to work. His latest enthusiasm is beekeeping.

He was attracted to Amherst in 1909, when he came to visit his old friend Dr. Kenyon L. Butterfield, then president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College. Though a son of the Middle Border, he found something in the New England scene and tradition that strongly appealed to him, and much of its atmosphere has crept into his later books. The greater part of "Hempfield" and the whole of "Great Possessions" and "Adventures in Understanding" were written at Amherst.

Since I have come to know him, here in Amherst, I have reread his books, trying to interpret them in the light of the author's true personality, and seeking to analyze their appeal. For it is a tremendous and continuing appeal. I know of no other author who has received so many letters from admiring and grateful readers.

Wherein lies this appeal? It is not enough to say that the Grayson books sound a note of humanity and brotherhood, that they deal with simple spiritual verities. It is not enough to say that they possess, in both the character and the setting, that elusive, inexplicable quality which we call charm. In some unique way they are helpful. Readers are made happier by them, learn to comprehend their lives better. The books are optimistic in the better sense of the term; they preach faith in humankind and in oneself. There is a certain amount of moralizing in them, and I am inclined to think that people, taken as a whole, like healthy moralizing.

For underlying all the charm of manner and pictorial vividness of the Grayson papers, their engaging characters and entertaining narratives, is the robust Graysonian philosophy of life. It is, let me state at the outset, not a philosophy of surrender and escape, but of adaptation and fulfillment. It suggests a change in oneself rather than in conditions. It is not a sentimental but a practical philosophy.

"A man has come to wisdom," says Grayson, "when he ceases to dissipate his energies in assaulting his limitations and exercises them boldly in developing his natural qualities."

This is the philosophy of gaining command of life. Not by surrendering, relaxing, giving up, but by working a little harder, seeking a little more diligently, may one obtain the desired surplus of living, discover the factor of simplicity, gain leisure for contentment and satisfaction. Throughout the Grayson papers joy and wonder come with *working*, not with rest. And the reward is always available if the eyes are but opened.

"Happiness, I have discovered," he has written, "is nearly always a rebound from hard work. It is one of the follies of men to imagine that they can enjoy mere thought, or emotion, or sentiment. As well try to eat beauty! For happiness must be tricked! She loves to see men at work. She loves sweat, weariness, self-sacrifice. She will be found not in palaces, but lurking in cornfields and factories and hovering over littered desks. She crowns the unconscious head of the busy child. If you look up suddenly from hard work

From a photograph by Sherril Schell

GRAYSON CALLS ON A NEIGHBOR

"Such a fine, active, gossipy, adventurous world it is at this moment of the year!"—*The Friendly Road*

you will see her, but if you look too long she fades sorrowfully away."

Surely that is no philosophy of passivity.

Ray Stannard Baker, in the midst of his busy life, sought release and expression for the warmer, more human side of his nature. And in doing that he learned the secret of contentment, learned to look out upon his world hopefully and benevolently and to make a religion of friendship. And that is the real David Grayson.

David Grayson is neither a myth nor a mystery. He is no mere emanation or ectoplasm of Ray Stannard Baker. He is not even a part of a dual person-

From a drawing by Thomas Fogarty in "Great Possessions." Courtesy Doubleday, Page & Co.

"HE NEVER INTERRUPTS AT INCONVENIENT MOMENTS, NOR INTRUDES HIS THOUGHTS UPON YOURS UNLESS YOU DESIRE IT"

ality, strictly speaking. He is merely Ray Stannard Baker in his reflective mood.

"I have tried," he said in his very first book, "to relate the experiences of that secret, elusive, invisible life which in every man is so far more real, so far more important than his visible activities—the real expression of a life much occupied in other employment."

There you have it in a nutshell.

And what sort of man, you ask, is the actual, flesh-and-blood Baker? What is he like; to what extent does he resemble David Grayson of the books?

I am a Yankee, fettered by the inhibitions of my race, and it is difficult for me to speak of a living friend without some constraint and reticence. But if you knew Ray Baker as I know him you would understand why I have ceased to feel sorry that there is no such distinct person as David Grayson. You would readily recognize his Graysonian modesty, his boyishness, his lovableness. There is, too, his zest in life, his capacity for friendship, his ability to make an adventure of the day's experience and to glorify the commonplace, his faith in the world and its people, his love of good talk and laughter. To get at the real Grayson side of him you need to see him on the streets of Amherst, or in his study or his garden, or out here at my farm in the cool of a summer evening. Then you would know the real David Grayson, the man you have loved in those books. You would realize that Ray Stannard Baker is other things, and excellent things, besides David Grayson, but that the whole of Grayson resides in him—all the faith and kindliness and simplicity and soundness of heart.

SPEAKING OF JOHN GALSWORTHY

His Life, His Home, His Many Novels and Plays

BY ARTHUR B. MAURICE

JOHN GALSWORTHY
A picture taken in early years when he began to write novels

In the very heart of the great Dartmouth Forest, in the little town of Manaton, which means Half Moon, is Wingstone, the home of John Galsworthy. The region is one of the most beautiful and romantic in all England. From the crests of the tors the eye sweeps vast expanses of the moor, veritable seas of heather. From the red earth of Devon monster rocks were heaved up ages before the coming of the first man.

The Galsworthys have been in Devonshire as far back as records go—"since the flood—of Saxons, at all events," John Galsworthy once put it.

THE HOME OF JOHN GALSWORTHY
Wingstone, Manaton, Devonshire, England

Much has been written of John Galsworthy's work; what of the man behind the work? It is significant of the strength and energy of the man that his remarkable achievement has not been due to the spur of necessity. It was not poverty or the fear of poverty that lashed him to the production of the approximately fifty volumes bearing his name that have appeared in the last twenty-five years. The affluence that makes weaker men soft and indolent was to him simply a means to more careful, studied and fastidious writing. From the first to the last his salient characteristics have always been earnestness and tenacity.

Here is his career in a nutshell: Despite his Devonshire ancestry he chanced to be born in Coombe, in Surrey, in 1867. From the age of fourteen to nineteen he was a school-

JOHN GALSWORTHY AND HIS DOGS

Mr. Galsworthy's devotion to dogs is reflected in several of his stories. "Mark," one of the sheep dogs, is named for Mark Lennan in "The Dark Flower." The picture was taken at Grove Lodge, Hampstead, Mr. Galsworthy's London home. Grove Lodge is in a section of London where many famous authors have had their homes. George Du Maurier lived there in his later years when he wrote "Peter Ibbetson," "The Martian" and that memorable "best seller" of thirty years ago, "Trilby"

boy at Harrow—Harrow on the Hill. There he was a good student, not particularly brilliant, but sure and steady, and there he captained the school football team. From Harrow he went up to New College, Oxford, where, after a three years' course, he was graduated with an honor degree in law. It was natural that he should have taken up law, for he was a lawyer's son. "I read," he says, "in various chambers, practiced almost not at all and disliked my profession thoroughly."

Then, for a while, he made a business of seeing the world. For two years he traveled, visiting Russia, Australia, New Zealand, the Fiji Islands, South Africa, Canada and British Columbia. It was on a sailing-ship voyage between Adelaide and Capetown that he met Joseph Conrad, then still a sailor. The two became fast friends.

Home again, Galsworthy discarded all ideas of a legal career and settled down to write. His first novel, "Jocelyn," was published in 1899. It was the work of a literary apprentice, and has been dropped from the list of Galsworthy's works. In fact, very little of the work done in the first four or five years is included in that formal list, yet one of the novels of that period was written no less than three times. Incidentally his first four novels appeared under the pseudonym of "John Sinjohn." The first suggestion of the Forsyte family, and the beginning of his "Forsyte Saga" novels, was in his story "Salvation of a Forsyte," published in 1901; but even with the appearance of "A Man of Property," in 1906, the "Forsyte Saga" in its full sweep was still unplanned. As in the case of Balzac's "Human Comedy," it was not until part of the work had been done that the author perceived its possibilities

as a whole. And now we have the crowning story of the "Forsyte Saga" in "The White Monkey."

Some will say that it is in Mr. Galsworthy's plays, even more than in his novels, that we feel the hot flame of his indignation against the cruelties and injustices of the world—against man's inhumanity to man.

The play "Justice," produced in 1901, is more than a literary achievement. It brought about a reform of the English prison system, just as Dickens' "Nicholas Nickleby" of three quarters of a century earlier had abolished the cruelties practiced in many of the boarding schools of Yorkshire. In connection with "Justice" there is a well-known story to the effect that Mr. Galsworthy had "put on old clothes, wrapped a brick in brown paper and heaved it through a tempting-looking plate-glass window." On being "promptly arrested" he "gave an assumed name, and the magistrate gave Galsworthy six months. That's how he found out what the inside of English prisons was like."

Perhaps the story is unfounded. The significance of it, however, lies in the fact that it has been so generally accredited to Galsworthy. It is just what might be expected of him, and of how far he would be likely to go in his passion for justice and truth. It is a vivid setting for the picture of the man; the stern lips, the virile jaw and the mellowing humor of the kindly eyes.

To-day, John Galsworthy at fifty-eight is a recognized force not only in the literary but also in the social life of his country.

©Keystone View Co.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN GALSWORTHY WATCHING A REHEARSAL OF "LOYALTIES"

The novelist-playwright and his wife sitting in a back row of St. Martin's Theatre, London, watching a dress rehearsal of "Loyalties," a Galsworthy play that ran for many months in England and also in America

EVANGELINE IN LOUISIANA

BY GEORGE R. MORRIS

EVANGELINE IN EXILE
From a painting by Frank Dicksee

In Louisiana, amid the beauty of mirror-like lagoons, and great live oaks and cypress trees shrouded in long gray Spanish moss, the unhappy Evangeline and her fellow exiles from Nova Scotia found refuge a century and a half ago. To-day their descendants still retain many old-time customs and speak the dialect of their ancestors.

Longfellow's heroine, seeking her lover, entered the Bayou Plaquemine from the Mississippi River. We follow her along that lovely stream under the shadowy vistas of the tree-lined banks to St. Martinville. There, according to the local version of the story, her journey ended under the spreading branches and deep shade of the "Evangeline oak."

In several important points the romance of Evangeline as told by the Acadians of St. Martinville differs from that of Longfellow. If you ask a Frenchman living in the old town on the Teche to relate the story of the Acadian girl he will say that M'sieu Longfellow was wrong, that the story runs like this:

"The girl was named Emmeline la Biche, instead of Evangeline, and the name of her lover, instead of being Gabriel, was Louis Arceneaux. When the two lovers were deported from Nova Scotia with the rest of the Acadians they were separated and put on different ships. Emmeline landed in Maryland. Seeking news of her beloved Louis (or Gabriel), and hearing that he was in Louisiana, she set out to find him. After many hardships she came up Bayou Teche and landed at St. Martinville. Upon debarking at the settlement the first person she saw was Louis. But as he met her eager gaze his eyes filled with tears. Gently he told her that he had despaired of ever seeing her again and had married a girl of the settlement. When she heard this her arms slipped from around his neck, the light died in her eyes and her mind became a blank. Day by day she grew more frail until, like a prairie rose under the hot blast of the sun, she drooped and died. The villagers buried her in the little churchyard near the oak tree where she had found Louis, and she sleeps there now lulled by the murmur of the bayou, her grave bordered with pale water hyacinths."

The land of the Acadians in Louisiana comprises fifteen parishes, or counties, as they would be called in other states. The Acadians are fond of their homes. Until comparatively recent years only a few of the young men had ever been as far as New Orleans, about two hundred miles to the east. Usually they marry young and settle down and live all their lives near the place where they were born and where their fathers lived before them.

According to history, six hundred and fifty Acadians arrived in New Orleans from the North between January and May, 1765. These and others that followed founded the towns of Attakapas and Opelousas.

There are many interesting records in the church register at St. Martinville. One finds written in French the entry: "On the 11th of May, 1765, I baptized with the ceremonies of the church Marguerite Anne, the daughter of Oliver Thibaudaut." This is the birth record of the first child born to the Acadians on Louisiana soil.

Everywhere in the French country one receives the most courteous treatment. "Cajun," a corruption of the word Acadian, is the name used by Louisianians in referring to the descendants of the Nova Scotia colonists. Not all are "Cajuns" in this French country. When the Reign of Terror swept the proud and haughty nobles from France many of them came to Louisiana; of these a great number settled at St. Martinville. Their arrival imparted an aristocratic tone to the rural community and won for it the name of Little Paris.

The word "bayou" is derived from an Indian word "bayuk" and the old French "bayouc" or "bayouque." Bayous are outlets from rivers, lakes or bays. That is, instead of flowing into rivers or lakes, they flow *from* a body of water. On the Bayou Plaquemine steam packets stop at every plantation

THE BAYOU TECHE, LOUISIANA

The beauty of this stream is further enhanced by the gorgeous water hyacinths, with their bright green leaves and soft, lavender-hued flowers. When they are in full bloom the stream is lovely beyond description

Courtesy D. W. Griffith

THE EVANGELINE OAK, ST. MARTINVILLE, LOUISIANA

The citizens of St. Martinville have made this storied spot into a little park. According to the local legend, Evangeline is buried in a churchyard near this beautiful oak

landing and at every little village between the town of Plaquemine and Morgan City. Bayou Plaquemine is joined by a maze of other streams to the famous Bayou Teche, and so it was by means of this natural waterway that Evangeline was enabled to reach St. Martinville with the boat of Father Felician. Since the time described by Longfellow, when the Acadian maiden and the old priest floated down the swirling Mississippi, many changes have taken place. However, a few of the oaks still stand at the water's edge.

Beau Basin, near St. Martinville, is said to be the spot selected by "Gabriel" for his homestead. In the heart of the Acadian land are many splendid examples of the old ante-bellum "big houses," as the negro slaves called the Acadian chateaux. These great mansions are beautiful in a way all their own. They usually have large verandas in front, both upper and lower, extending the whole length of the house. White columns rise from the ground to the eaves, adding a look of strength and dignity.

St. Martinville can be reached by two motor routes from New Orleans. The one to Morgan City, and thence on to St. Martinville via Franklin and New Iberia, takes the tourist through the very heart of the French country. The road that follows the Bayou Plaquemine discloses water vistas of rare beauty. Shaded by live oaks, it keeps in view the beautiful stream which Evangeline saw "under the tremulous gleam of the moonlight."

COLLECTING HISTORICAL FIRESIDES

BY DONALD MACGREGOR

WASHINGTON WARMED HIS HANDS BEFORE THIS FIREPLACE

A bit of eighteenth-century Virginia transplanted to twentieth-century New York. The chimney-piece is from Gadsby's Tavern, Alexandria, a hostelry often honored by the patronage of General Washington and his friends

UP THE *steps we go into an alcove and approach the paneled chimney-piece before which General Washington often warmed his hands after the eight-mile drive from Mount Vernon to Gadsby's hospitable inn.*

There is peace and cheerfulness in the setting. We look around, half expecting to see John Gadsby rubbing his hands and announcing that the City Hotel larder holds plenty for our supper.

We go to the window, thinking to gaze on sleepy Alexandria, with brown and yellow leaves falling on the dying autumn grass. But, instead, we find ourselves looking out on Central Park, New York City—and we are back again in 1925!

Such is the atmosphere of the storied rooms assembled in the Metropolitan Museum of Art that, wandering through them, we easily lose count of the centuries.

AN EXHIBITION GALLERY

The main floor of the American Wing contains paintings, furniture, textiles, porcelains and replicas of architectural decoration taken from fine houses of the Republican Period. The table of Sheraton type is from the shop of Duncan Phyfe, the celebrated New York cabinetmaker, who numbered many patrons among well-to-do families of a hundred years ago

COLLECTING HISTORICAL FIRESIDES

Photographs by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

Nowhere is there an exhibition of domestic art more noteworthy than the collection of representative rooms from old American homes, now assembled in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City. With the visitor's first expression of wonder and admiration comes the question: How did the Metropolitan get possession of these interiors, their furniture and ornaments? And who planned the harmonious arrangement of them in one place? Here is the story of the enterprise and generous coöperation that made possible the creation of this gracious and significant memorial of early American home life.

THE picturesque assembly room of Gadsby's Tavern, at Alexandria, Virginia, where General Washington frequently danced and where he attended his last birthnight ball, had become the haphazard parlor for three families of foreigners. The wide window sills on which the ladies of Revolutionary times laid their fans and vanities had come to hold pots and pans and kettles and other domestic articles. The gray-green walls had been repainted a heavy brown, to hide the grime of a hundred years and the pencil scrawlings of children. The balcony where the orchestra played for the minuet had developed into a catchall for oddly shaped trunks full of gay old clothes brought from Europe.

And then the Metropolitan Museum of Art purchased the room and transported it almost in its entirety to New York City, where, restored to its original beauty, it is one of the striking central features of an exhibition of the utilitarian arts of Colonial and Revolutionary days. It is one of eighteen rooms under a single roof, that of the new American Wing of the museum, intended to picture the private life of our forefathers from the time of their struggles as pioneers until after they had established the new republic.

The human aspects of the exhibition are even more striking than those of history and art. The rooms together, arranged in sequence on three floors so that a visitor may pass from one to another, tell a two-hundred-year story of privation, of trouble with Indians, of increasing defiance to foreign

mastery, of revolution and of independence. In a few of them essential figures of American history worked, ate, slept and took part in the social life of the times. In one a group of troubled Puritans planned the extermination of witchcraft; in another a British nobleman attempted to negotiate peace with rebellious colonies, his desk to be taken soon afterward, when his red-coated troops were driven out, by the American commander-in-chief, General Washington. So it goes from beginning to end.

In no other museum in America is there such a display, although the same general idea, that of constructing rooms to portray a period, has been followed in Europe. The work of gathering together the rooms and their furnishings required fifteen years, under the supervision of R. T. H. Halsey, an authority on early architecture, and Charles O. Cornelius, assistant curator in the department of decorative arts in the Metropolitan Museum.

The enterprise originated at the time of the Hudson-Fulton Exhibition in New York City in 1909, when great public interest was aroused in the H. Eugene Bolles collection of American furniture, displayed at the Metropolitan. Mrs. Russell Sage soon afterward purchased the Bolles collection and gave it to the museum. And that was followed by a gift from the museum's president, Robert W. de Forest and Mrs. de Forest, of the building known as the American Wing, of stone and three stories high, constructed to house that display and whatever else might be added, as a permanent institution.

The exhibition naturally divides itself into three general groups, portraying the styles of architecture and furnishings in vogue during the two-hundred-year period beginning about 1630. The first, running from 1630 to 1725, is distinctly American and shows the handicaps the Colonists had to overcome in establishing themselves in a new country. The second, from 1725 to 1790, presents the Italian influence popularly known as the rococo style, naturally associated with the Revolution. The third, from 1790 to 1825, covers

THE BALLROOM OF GADSBY'S TAVERN, ALEXANDRIA

One of the chief adornments of the Metropolitan Museum's collection of American interiors. The wall panels, the mantels, the hanging balcony for the musicians, the cornice, decorated moldings and fretwork are the very same that the candlelight played on during that memorable night when Washington attended here his last birthnight ball, February 22, 1799. Lafayette dined in this assembly room in 1824, and John Quincy Adams was of the company that greeted him. The City Hotel, kept by John Gadsby, was on the stagecoach route between Richmond and Philadelphia. Mount Vernon was eight miles away

THIRTY YEARS AFTER THE MAYFLOWER

Copy of the parlor in the Hart house, Ipswich, Massachusetts, as it looked in 1650. Mullioned windows, tooled woodwork introducing color, carved furniture, pewter ware and silver denote the trend of the Colonial householder's taste away from the early severity of Puritan surroundings

the period when buildings and furniture assumed a more classical design.

The samples went to the museum by various means. A few well-to-do lovers of art bought and fitted whole rooms for the display. Others gave money for their purchase, which was accomplished after long search in localities where representative types might be found. Whenever the authorities found something that fitted into the scheme they attempted to buy it, all the time adhering to the rule that they would take from its original location nothing that might otherwise be saved. Most of the rooms are from tumble-down properties which eventually would have been destroyed.

In some cases the curators had difficulty in acquiring the specimens, but more often the owners gladly sold what they previously had considered old and out of date. A disappointment occurred in the negotiations for a room of a house in Maryland that was a splendid example of the Revolutionary style. The owners agreed to the sale but asked that the removal of the woodwork be delayed for a month. Before the month elapsed the house burned to the ground.

A piece of property once acquired, the museum painstakingly transferred it to New York City. Detailed drawings served as a guide in putting it in final place. Wall paper removed by expert process guarded against detracting from the beauty of its original state. The nails of the woodwork, paneling, doors, railings and baseboards were drawn and the pieces numbered so that they might be put in place, as they were, on their arrival in the museum.

To fix even an estimate of the value of the exhibition is impossible. A great deal of what is shown never could be duplicated. The collection as a whole is priceless.

With the exception of the plastering, which obviously could not be transported, all of the rooms of the display are originals, except two interiors and an entry which show homes of the seventeenth century. Those are reproductions, the details copied from the rooms of two houses built in Massachusetts in the seventeenth century, the Hart house at

THE HOME OF AN ARISTOCRAT

At Portsmouth, Rhode Island, supplied this carved fireplace wall. The room from which the panels were taken was in the summer home of Metcalfe Bowler, a prosperous Newport ship-owner and Colonial representative. The hand of a ship's carpenter is apparent in the carving of the panels. The furnishings installed by museum experts are of the corresponding period—about the middle of the eighteenth century

Ipswich and the Parson Capen house at Topsfield, both of which are standing.

In kitchens like that reproduced from the Capen house men of the day planned the college at Cambridge, started in 1639; discussed the Cambridge Platform of 1648 to require Massachusetts magistrates to suppress heresy, thereby completing the Puritan commonwealth of Massachusetts, and decided on the execution of the Quakers on the Boston Common in 1649. The kitchens of those two-room New England houses show that there is nothing very new about our present-day space-saving apartments, since they served our fathers as a combined dining-room, living-room and bedroom.

The reproductions disclose no end of interesting details that might otherwise escape attention, an example of which is the fireplace in the Capen kitchen. In those days the iron crane swinging in and out had not been invented, and so up in the chimney the pioneers kept a sapling to support the trammels and hooks for the pots and kettles. If the trammel bar broke, as it often did when charred from the heat, whoever was near might be badly burned when the kettle upset.

And the reproductions show that human nature was much the same then as it is today. The parlor of the Hart house at Ipswich discloses that back in 1640, when the house was built, those who could afford it wanted what finish and decoration their local carpenters could supply. The woodworker did a splendid job with the vertical molded boards on the fireplace wall.

In collecting the rooms the museum authorities had an eye for their historic as well as artistic interest. The earliest complete room of the display, a paneled bedchamber from a house in Hampton, New Hampshire, turns back the calendar to the years of witchcraft in New England. The town, settled by friends and followers of Anne Hutchinson, had been incorporated in 1639, and it was there, in the banishment of Eunice Cole in 1662, on a charge of being a witch, that John Greenleaf Whittier found inspiration for his poem, "Tent on the Beach."

The room from Portsmouth, Rhode Island, again recalls Anne Hutchinson, who, after

CAPTAIN HEWLETT'S FIRESIDE, WOODBURY, LONG ISLAND

The Hewlett living-room, with hearth tiles, maple and pine furniture, and looking-glass of Dutch design, is the gift of Mrs. Robert W. de Forest, one of the donors of the American Wing. When Captain Hewlett built his comfortable country home in 1739 he incorporated a feature at that time fairly common to gentlemen's dwellings on the north shore of Long Island. A blind flight of steps reached by a sliding panel near the fireplace cupboard gave access to trapdoors in both cellar and attic, which provided artful means of escape from representatives of the Crown looking for smugglers and tax delinquents

trial for heresy and sedition, settled there in 1638 with her husband and fifteen children, purchasing the island of Acquidneck from the Narragansett Indians for forty fathoms of wampum. And it speaks also of the solid comfort of the wealthy people of the time. The house from which the wall was taken was the summer home of Metcalfe Bowler, whose ships brought him a great fortune.

Bowler made a business of sending his fleet to the West Indies with cargoes of lumber, salt fish and grain, which he exchanged for molasses that was converted into rum in New England distilleries and shipped to Africa for return cargoes of slaves. He lived in fine style at his summer place in Portsmouth, whence he went from Newport to entertain his friends. The work on the interior walls gives evidence of having been done by one of his ship's carpenters. The house was approaching ruin when the museum recovered the room.

In addition to her part in providing the American Wing, Mrs. de Forest gave a complete room for the display in the museum—a house in Woodbury, Long Island, built in 1739 by John Hewlett, 2d, captain of the local military company, and showing the contempt with which the king's excisemen generally were held in the days preceding the Revolution. It is a fine sample of some of the dwellings designed to aid smuggling. The room has a secret stairway leading from a concealed panel to the rear closet to the left of the cupboard and into the attic, as well as down into the cellar.

But by far the most interesting in historical aspect is the material, already referred to, from Gadsby's Tavern, in Alexandria, rescued by the museum just as it was threatened with ruin. The tavern, which several times was visited by such figures as Washington, Lafayette, John Quincy Adams and Robert E. Lee, provided the chimney-piece which is the central feature of the alcove pictured at the beginning of this article, as well as the main assembly room which to many persons is the most beautiful exhibit in the collection.

The last time Washington visited the tavern was in November, 1799, a little more than a month before he died. He had come up from Mount Vernon on business and had remained for a dinner of canvasback ducks,

DETAIL OF A COLONIAL ROOM, PHILADELPHIA

Showing hand-painted Chinese wall paper and mahogany Chippendale highboy. Taken from the Powel house at 244 South Third Street, Philadelphia. Samuel Powel was an ardent admirer of the arts. While traveling abroad during the years 1760-1765 he was presented to King George III. The splendid homes he visited in England and on the Continent inspired him to purchase a house on his return to Philadelphia and fill it with masterpieces of furniture from the shops of local cabinetmakers. He was elected mayor of Philadelphia, and the room that now makes part of the Metropolitan collection was the meeting place of Colonial and early Republican celebrities, accompanied by their ladies in costumes like the one in the picture

AN ALL-AMERICAN ROOM—Dedicated to the memory of the donor, Charles Allen Munn

Doorways, window frames and chair rail are from a house still standing near the Powel mansion, Philadelphia. Several pieces of the furniture and metal-work bear the spread-eagle decoration. The mantelpieces, taken from a house in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, have panels commemorating the War of 1812. On the walls are portraits of military and naval heroes by Charles Willson Peale, Rembrandt Peale, John Trumbull and Gilbert Stuart

A ROOM EXPRESSING BALTIMORE HOSPITALITY

Shortly before war was declared against England in 1812, the three-story brick house that formerly contained this room was erected in Baltimore, at 915 East Pratt Street. Near by was the tavern where in 1814 "The Star-Spangled Banner" was first sung. Its melodic strains may well have drifted through these recessed windows. Mixing table and buffet, dining table and inlaid breakfast tables suggest vivid company among these gracious surroundings

ANOTHER CORNER OF THE POWEL DRAWING-ROOM

A detail is shown on page 31. All the furniture was of beautifully grained mahogany except the Chippendale clock, which had a case of walnut. The Chelsea-Derby statuettes on the mantel represent English writers and statesmen who gained popularity on this side of the Atlantic for their defense of American principles

hominy and Madeira wine. When the word went around that the Father of His Country was in town Captain Piercy, an officer of the Revolution, called out the local company of infantry, the Independent Blues, for an exhibition of drilling. Washington reviewed the company from the porch of the tavern, a bit of property which also has been acquired by the museum and which will be installed at some future time.

It was earlier in that same year, February 22d, that Washington attended his last birthnight ball in the assembly room of the tavern, in company with Mrs. Washington. Since he was growing feeble, he did not dance that night, as he had done at previous celebrations.

The true magnificence of the assembly room appeared only after the museum authorities restored it to its original condition. The finely carved woodwork needed little repair; the elegant blue-gray with which it now is painted was determined after many coats had been scraped off to reveal the basic surface. There is no evidence now that the room, in the hundred years that followed the height of the tavern's popularity, had been allowed to deteriorate so sadly.

Another feature of the display which is rich in its association with Washington is a room from a house still standing at 244 South Third Street, Philadelphia. It was built in 1769 by Charles Steadman and sold a year later to Samuel Powel. Its finish and furnishings were in splendid taste, for Powel had the advantage of an artistic temperament, wealth and extensive travel abroad.

The Earl of Carlisle, one of the three commissioners appointed to negotiate peace with the Colonies, established headquarters at the Powel residence at the time the British captured Philadelphia; but when Lord Howe evacuated the city General Washington made it his headquarters. During the framing of the Constitution in Philadelphia during May, June, July and August, 1787, Washington frequently visited the Powel mansion, as did Franklin, John Adams and others who impressed a lasting influence upon the American Republic.

THE EARLIEST OLD ROOM IN THE COLLECTION

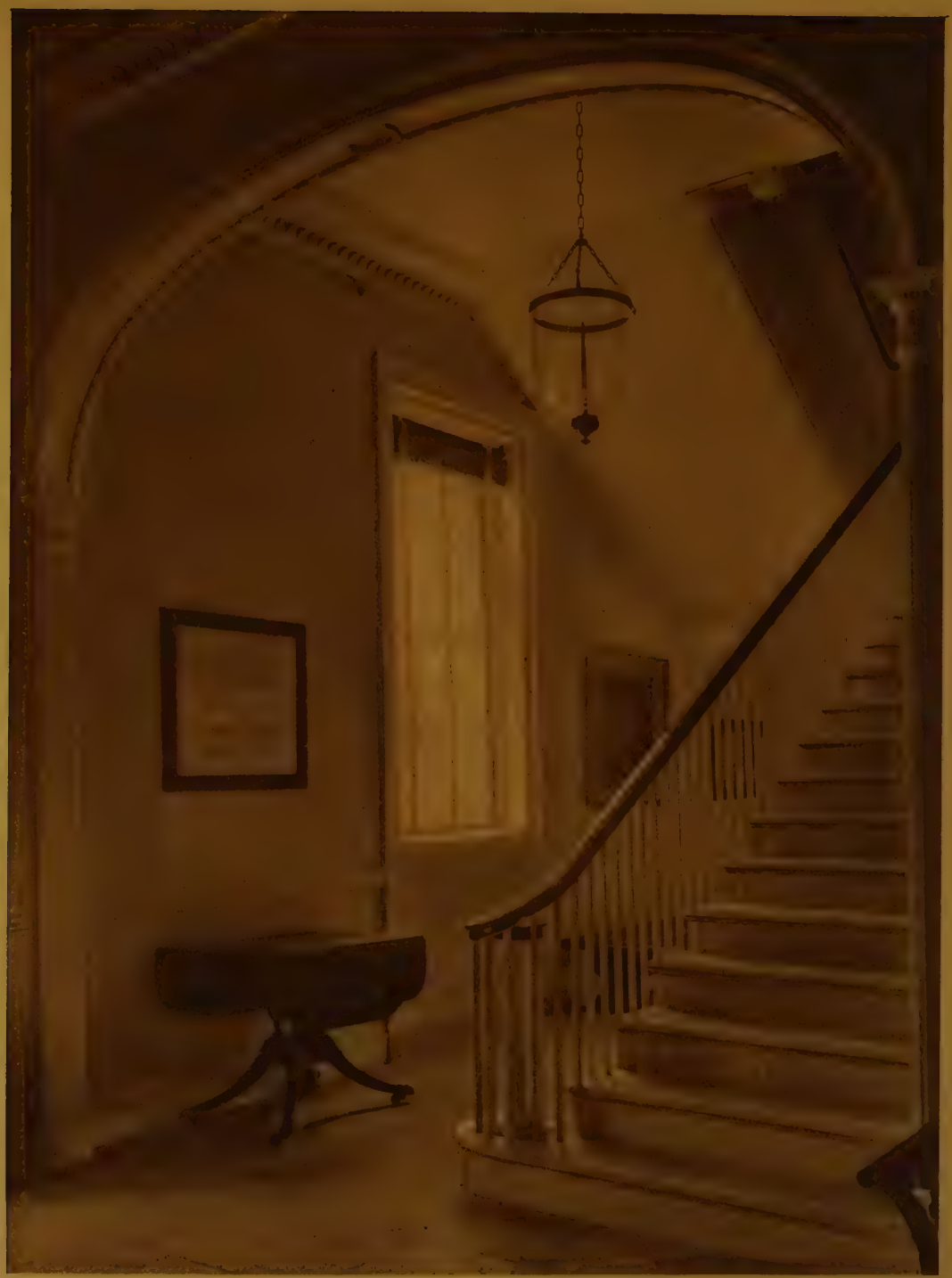
A bedchamber removed from the house of a seventeenth-century farmer-colonist in Hampton, New Hampshire. The dwelling probably was the one described in Whittier's "Tent on the Beach." All the woodwork except the paneled ceiling and window sash is original. The folding bed and printed linen hangings, the highboy and lowboy, tables, chairs and mirror are of the same period. The windows, it is interesting to note, now look out upon the greensward of Central Park and a driveway thronged with motor cars

HERE WELL-TO-DO VIRGINIANS TOOK THEIR EASE

An ornate living-room in a Petersburg, Virginia, house. The furniture is of Sheraton type; the walls are covered with old yellow satin brocade; the convex mirror and ornaments of porcelain and glass are indicative of the taste of the early nineteenth century

A BEDCHAMBER IN A NEW ENGLAND TAVERN

Taken from the Eagle House, Haverhill, Massachusetts, erected in 1818. Bed and window hangings and the covering of the wing chair were made abroad and carry allegorical designs showing Washington, Franklin, the Liberty Tree and other symbols dear to patriotic Americans. The French wall paper was removed from a house in Allentown, New Jersey, where it hung for one hundred and thirty years



AN OLD-TIME STAIRWAY

Reproduced in an entryway in the American Wing by museum architects

THOMAS JEFFERSON AT MONTICELLO

BY B. BOLTON BROWN

Courtesy Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation

THE HEARTH AT MONTICELLO

SYMBOL of the spirit of hospitality that dominated the mansion built by Jefferson in the midst of his beloved Virginia hills. The mantelpiece is a feature of the main hall at Monticello. The portrait of Jefferson is a copy of the original painted by Rembrandt Peale.

Since the auspicious day in December, 1923, when the title to the historic estate passed to the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation, many thousands of visitors have paid homage at this new national shrine. The movement to possess Monticello for the American people was organized on April 13, 1923, Jefferson's 180th birthday.

With the expectation that the work will be completed in time for the centennial of the death of Jefferson, July 4, 1926, the restoration of the house and grounds to their former state is now under way.

Photograph by R. W. Holsinger, Charlottesville, Virginia

THE EAST PORTICO—Main entrance to the mansion at Monticello

For over fifty years these stately columns witnessed the reception of an unending procession of guests by Jefferson, the perfect host. To-day, throngs continue to pass through the same portals to do reverence to the Father of Democracy amid the surroundings his mind and hands created

THOMAS JEFFERSON AT MONTICELLO

THOMAS JEFFERSON inherited a genius for hospitality. Peter Jefferson, his father, kept open house in true Virginia style for all who came, and many there were that came, for travel in those days was by horse; the roads were rough, the inns poor and far apart.

At the age of fourteen Jefferson fell heir to Shadwell, the thousand-acre estate on which he was born. The mansion later burned. The owner, then grown to manhood, was absent from home and word was brought that nothing but his fiddle had been saved. Monticello, begun some time before on a far more beautiful site than Shadwell, gave shelter to his mother, two brothers and six sisters.

To Monticello, two years later, the young master brought his bride, the beautiful, charming and talented Martha Wayles, widow of Bathurst Skelton. After the marriage ceremony on New Year's Day, 1772, the pair started on their hundred-mile drive to the new home. A light snow which was just beginning to fall as they set out on their journey finally became so deep that they were forced to abandon their carriage within four miles of their destination and proceed the remainder of the way on horseback. Late at night they arrived after the servants had gone to bed and the fires were out. Apparently a dreary home-coming, but not for them; for a bottle of wine "on a shelf behind some books" dispelled their temporary physical discomfort and soon the logs were cheerfully blazing again. Martha was twenty-three; Thomas was twenty-eight. He already had a remunerative law practice and a valuable unencumbered estate of several thousand acres.

The site Jefferson chose for the pretentious manor house at Monticello has a view of the Blue Ridge Mountains twenty-five miles away on the west. The Atlantic Ocean is two hundred miles to the east; at the base of the mountain site winds the Rivanna River far below. The Italian name, Monticello, meaning "little mountain," captivated Jefferson's musical ear. In order to make a level, elliptical lawn six hundred by two hundred feet he cut off the peak of the hill, and, to avoid having unsightly outhouses mar the beauty of his home, he terraced the grounds and placed the servants' quarters and other buildings out of sight. Numerous basement rooms were connected by a covered way. These rooms were used for offices, kitchens, laundry and other workrooms. The covered way enabled the servants to go to and from the main building unseen. Much room was needed; many of the corps of two hundred servants were taught trades necessary for the

building and running of a large establishment. Lumber was cut, bricks made, the nails wrought on the place.

Monticello looks to-day very much as it did in 1802, the date of its completion, though slightly varied from Jefferson's original design. The house is of the Grecian order of architecture. The four Doric columns on the east and west porticoes, with the heavy balustrades and cornice, give the impression of a one-story house except where an octagonal dome rises above the roof. The front entrance is through the eastern portico.

On passing into the interior the visitor pauses to admire the stately proportions of the hall extending the full height of the house. There is no stairway here to the second story. Narrow steps lead up from hidden hallways to the right and left of the square entrance hall. Over the front door is a large clock designed by the versatile and ingenious Jefferson and executed by a Swiss clockmaker. Jefferson invented a folding ladder to reach it. Extending around the room is a Pompeian frieze of plaster done by Italian artisans imported for the work. Just inside the main entrance there is a scar on the floor made by the hoof of a horse ridden up the front steps and into the hall by one of Tarleton's troopers, in an unsuccessful attempt to capture Jefferson in 1781.

Mirrors brought from France and the chandeliers he used in the White House adorn the drawing-room. The floor is a marvel of beauty made in square designs of three native hard woods. The work on this was done by John Heming, one of Jefferson's colored servants. It is susceptible of as high a polish to-day as it was a hundred years ago.

The door of the drawing-room opens onto the west portico, and here Jefferson stood awaiting the arrival of his old friend Lafayette, who visited him in 1824. The county, Albemarle, feeling the distinction of the great Frenchman's visit, had sent a troop of cavalry, named in his honor Lafayette Guards, to escort him to Monticello. They drew up on each side of the lawn, as the two old friends met and embraced with deep emotion. Many of those that looked on were moved to tears.

At the side of the mantel in the spacious dining-room is an invention of Jefferson's, a dumb-waiter, which, running to the cellar, was used in the serving of wines.

On the right and left of the main entrance are two passageways with narrow winding stairs, supposedly planned to connect the lower floor with the odd-shaped billiard-room

© Detail from panorama of Monticello by R. W. Holsinger

"HONEYMOON LODGE"

So named because it gave shelter to Jefferson and his bride on their arrival at Monticello, January, 1772, before the main house was ready for occupancy

Photograph by R. W. Holsinger

VIEW OF THE WEST AND SOUTH FRONTS

The top of the underground passageway to the slave quarters shows at the left, leading from the south façade. It was at the west portico that Jefferson received the Marquis de Lafayette, who in 1824 came to pay a visit to his friend

in the large white dome that surmounts the house. Before the stairs could be completed the Virginia legislature passed a law forbidding the game of billiards either in public or private places. The room was later converted into a ballroom.

It was in the alcove between his study and chamber that Jefferson died on Independence Day, at the very hour of the final reading of the Declaration fifty years before.

His library was his place of refuge. Few were brave enough to interrupt his quiet hours here except possibly that privileged member of the family who was faultless in his sight, his daughter Martha. This library undoubtedly helped save Monticello from the ruthless destruction dealt other places by General Tarleton and his troops. The barracks, where British prisoners were sent after the surrender of Lord Burgoyne, were near by. The prisoners arrived in winter before proper provision had been made for them, and, when Jefferson heard that officers and men were suffering privations, he and his charming wife did much to lessen their discomfort. Officers, even of the lowest rank, were cordially welcomed to his library, and gladly and freely used it. This kindness later bore good fruit; for when the British made their raid in the unsuccessful attempt to capture Jefferson the order was issued and obeyed that nothing on the premises should be injured. In the neighboring town of Charlottesville the work of devastation continued for two days and included even the public records.

Jefferson's bedchamber recalls the great tragedy of his life—the death of his wife. Her devoted husband's anxiety for her during a protracted illness compelled him to resign the office of governor of Virginia and retire to Monticello with the promise to his wife not to leave her again for public office. After the birth of her sixth daughter (she had no son) her strength rapidly declined and it soon became known that she had not long to live.

Soon after the loss of his wife Jefferson was persuaded to accept the appointment of minister plenipotentiary to France. He expected to be gone two years and, unable to reconcile himself to a separation from all that was near and dear, he took with him to Paris his eldest daughter, Martha. Later, Maria, a younger daughter, made the long voyage. However, the presence of his family did not lessen his desire for home. He frequently experienced the feelings expressed in a letter to his friend Baron Gessmer: "I am savage enough to prefer the woods, the wilds and independence of Monticello to all the brilliant pleasures of this gay capital."

After five years Jefferson and his two daughters turned their faces toward America. He desired above everything to retire with his family to the peace of country life; but this hope was quickly dispelled. His appointment as Secretary of State and a letter from President Washington urging him in the strongest terms to accept reached him soon after he landed in Norfolk.

During the two months Jefferson remained at Monticello before taking up the duties of a cabinet officer the love affair of his daughter Martha and her cousin Thomas Mann Randolph culminated in marriage. Randolph was tall, graceful, intellectual and noted for his horsemanship, and afterward proved himself to be a devoted son to the man whose daughter he had married. The sparks of this romance were kindled when Randolph was a student at the University of Edinburgh and spent his vacation with his cousins at their home in Paris. Seven years later Maria Jefferson married another cousin, John Wayles Eppes.

Martha Randolph lived only four miles from Monticello at Edgehill. It was Jefferson's constant desire to have both his daughters near him. During the whole of the last years of service to his country as Secretary of State, Vice President and President, though of necessity absent from home most of the time, he was continuously urging his son-in-law John Eppes to move to Monticello in order to undertake the management of two of his estates, Pantops and Poplar Forest.

Jefferson's long absence from his estates, despite numberless letters giving detailed instructions as to the management of the 5,000 acres, had wrought havoc with his private affairs. The value of his crops and lands was much depressed. There came a call for the payment of a note for $20,000 endorsed for a friend. He had overwhelming debts. His grandson, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, took charge and assumed the responsibility for the total sum, $58,000. In Jefferson's efforts to pay all he owed he offered his much-treasured library to Congress. After long debate it was bought for a pittance. Friends in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore,

Photograph by Roger Millen

THE ENTRANCE HALL

Marble busts of Washington and Franklin flank the door opening into the drawing-room. A portrait bust of Jefferson is mounted on a pedestal at the right. Doors on either side give access to narrow corridors and stairs leading to the upper story. The balcony, added some time after the house was built, bespeaks Jefferson's immaculate taste for purity of line and form

Photograph by R. W. Hoisinger

THE DRAWING-ROOM

Adorned by rich furnishings purchased by the owner during travels at home and abroad. The mirrors, imported from France, were brought in two sections each, to evade the French law, which permitted only the king to have mirrors of full length. The floor, laid in squares of wild cherry with borders of walnut and beechwood, was the work of one of the black slaves belonging to the plantation

learning of his embarrassment, sent him subscriptions amounting to over $16,000, and he died believing that this "pure and unsolicited offering of love" would be augmented and his estate finally freed from debt. This happy delusion and the building of the University of Virginia were the silver lining of his dark cloud of ruin. After his passing, one of the memories his friends liked to recall was the picture of Jefferson, too feeble to leave the estate, sitting by the hour watching through a spyglass the progress of the workmen on the slowly rising buildings of the University of Virginia.

Six months after Jefferson's death Monticello was sold. James T. Barclay, the first owner, conceived the idea of making a fortune from raising silkworms and cut down many trees. He soon tired of his scheme and ten years later sold to Commodore Uriah P. Levy. During the war between the states the place was greatly neglected. Vandals almost completely razed the brick wall around the cemetery and chipped away much of the monument. Jefferson had ordered this memorial "to be of coarse stone, that no one might be tempted hereafter to destroy it for the value of the material." When national affairs had become normal again Congress had a copy of the original monument erected. A tall iron fence was placed around the cemetery to protect it from further vandalism. By Jefferson's side, in fulfilment of a compact made in their youth, lies Dabney Carr, who was Jefferson's lifelong friend and became his brother-in-law.

The marble tablet bearing Jefferson's memorable epitaph is kept in a vault. The cemetery is all of Monticello that belongs to the direct descendants of Jefferson.

Jefferson was a political genius, a classical scholar, a musician, an author, an engineer, an architect, a lawyer. He was generous to his friends and devoted to his family. The inscription on his tomb, composed by him, bespeaks his modesty:

Here was buried

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Author of the Declaration of American Independence

Of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom

And Father of the University of Virginia

Photograph by Roger Millen

THE SERVANTS' QUARTERS AND KITCHENS

Placed below a terrace, out of sight of the main house, with which they had connection by means of an underground passage

Photo by Roger Miller

All my wishes end,
where I hope my days will end,
at Monticello.

Th Jefferson

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT VALLEY FORGE

"THE AMERICAN WESTMINSTER"

THE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL AT VALLEY FORGE

BY STEPHEN ELMER SLOCUM, PH. D.

AT VALLEY FORGE, which to Americans must always be sacred ground by reason of the three thousand patriot dead who lie in unmarked graves beneath its rolling hillsides, the devotion of one man has created a memorial which fitly symbolizes the spirit of the Revolution. Its inception was due to the enthusiasm of a young clergyman who planned to erect in this beautiful park of 1,430 acres a statue of Washington at prayer. As he pondered the matter his vision broadened until at length he caught the inspiration of the far greater tribute to the Founder of His Country of a nation at prayer on this hallowed spot. Now, a quarter of a century later, the Washington Memorial Chapel at Valley Forge stands in all its dignity and beauty as the material embodiment of the patriotic vision and unswerving faith of its founder and rector, Rev. W. Herbert Burk, D. D.

© W. Herbert Burk

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS TENT

Used by him throughout the Revolution and now in safekeeping at Valley Forge

A representative of the English Crown has called this inspiring memorial "The American Westminster," which perhaps conveys some idea of its real significance. During the World War thousands visited the chapel to consecrate themselves anew for service and absorb its inspiration; and this tribute moved President Wilson to call it the "shrine of the American people." But these terms characterize only the atmosphere of the chapel and its environment, and fail to convey an impression of its physical beauty and perfection. Here, as in few other places in the world, art is used to glorify religion and exemplify history. Every detail of the chapel is symbolic, and the art of the architect and sculptor has fused with the talent of the artist in stained glass, and the skill of the master craftsman in carved wood, bronze and wrought iron to produce what has been aptly called a wonderful "casket of jewels."

At the entrance the eye is caught by the inscription carved in the stone of the Gothic

portal from Washington's message to his army:

"To the distinguished Character of Patriot it should be our highest glory to add the more distinguished Character of Christian."

The beautiful iron grille that guards the entrance is hand-wrought, and it is typical of the symbolism carried out in every detail that the handle is designed in the form of a Continental soldier, and that the drop over the keyhole is a tiny miniature of the Liberty Bell. Every hinge and bolt is hand-forged and bears the stamp of genius and individuality. The entrance door is but one of the many memorial doors, each carved in oak and embellished with elaborate detail. This is the Washington door and bears on the outside a symbolic record of Washington's relation to Church and State, on the inside is emblazoned with the armorial bearings of the Washington family.

Stepping within we sense the lofty simplicity of a Gothic cathedral, which imprisons in stone and wood the arching beauty of interlocking treetops. Over us stretches the Roof of the Republic, each panel commemorating one of the states of the Union.

Beneath this canopy the glowing imagery of stained glass associated with perpendicular Gothic is seen in full perfection. In this respect the chapel is comparable to the famous Sainte Chapelle in Paris, but surpasses the European masterpiece in warmth and delicacy of execution, as well as in symbolic appeal.

The innumerable medallions in these great windows tell in detail the history of the nation, each window being devoted to one particular phase, as Discovery, Settlement, Expansion and Development. Other windows are devoted to such great themes as Freedom, Patriotism, Democracy and Union, forming a remarkable ensemble, rivaling the great windows of Europe.

On either side of the nave are the Pews of the Patriots, bearing many distinguished names and insignia. The pew screens display carved and illuminated Colonial flags, and also commemorate the officers of the Continental Army.

The choir stalls are of hand-carved oak and their beauty of execution is extraordinary. Each commemorates one of the brigades at Valley Forge. In the niches stand effigies of

Photograph by Sherril Schell

CLOISTER OF THE COLONIES AND WASHINGTON MEMORIAL CHAPEL, VALLEY FORGE

INTERIOR OF THE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL CHAPEL, VALLEY FORGE

Continental soldiers, a detail which is repeated in the beautiful litany desk before the altar.

Adjoining the chapel is the impressive Cloister of the Colonies, with its open-air pulpit facing the Woodland Cathedral. Here are plantings of trees brought from Washington's home at Mount Vernon, arranged in the form of a cross. From this pulpit President Harding addressed an assembly of fifteen thousand.

With all this perfection of detail the vision of the founder is not yet fully realized; the complete development of the memorial will make it an altogether unique architectural achievement.

Photo by Sherril Schell

LOOKING THROUGH THE GREAT ARCH BETWEEN THE CLOISTERS AND WASHINGTON MEMORIAL CHAPEL, VALLEY FORGE

ANNIVERSARY OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

It Stands To-day for 150 Years of Friendship Between France and the United States. Forty Years Ago Next October It Was Unveiled

New York Harbor presents an amazing moving panorama. Great steamers are putting out toward the European lanes. Weary old tramps, battered and dirty, creep in from the sea. A broad-beamed ferry as gentle as an old family horse pokes along with commuters from Staten Island. Heavy-laden barges come two abreast with a sputtering, grunting tug between. A division of destroyers back from battle practice is on its way to anchorage up the Hudson. A swift, slender Coast Guard cutter is setting out for duty on rum row.

Mlle. Liberty looks down on the picture with bronze-green eyes, tirelessly holding the torch with her great right arm. Officially her name is "Liberty Enlightening the World;" the public calls her the "Statue of Liberty." She is approaching the discreet age of twoscore and ten, for it was just half a century ago that a group of prominent Frenchmen first proposed her as a gift to the United States to symbolize the friendship of France. Ten years passed, however, before she stopped traveling around in pieces and took up her abode on Bedloe's Island.

Still she stands, a lady of weight and importance, a monumental symbol of the tie between two nations that hold identical republican ideals.

Her Grecian lips seem to say, "I hold high my torch as a pledge for the continuation of a century and a half of friendship between nations that cherish liberty as the sacred hope of the universe."

Liberty Enlightening the World is the work of Frederick Auguste Bartholdi, who, born in Colmar, Alsace, grew up in time to fight on the staff of Garibaldi in the Franco-German War of 1870. His idea, which took form when he visited New York City after the war, was that the statue should be presented to the United States in 1876 to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of American independence.

BARTHOLDI'S STATUE OF LIBERTY, NEW YORK BAY

On his return to France he set out with a group of enthusiastic associates to gather the money to carry out the project. French cities, general councils, societies and thousands of individuals —among them many who were very poor —contributed sous and francs until at last $700,000 was in hand. Meantime $300,000 was collected in the United States to build the pedestal.

The time was too short to permit the erection of the statue in 1876, but the forearm and torch reached America for display at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. In 1885, the French steamer *Isere* brought the remainder to New York in two hundred and ten packing cases. The parts were then put together and the masterpiece unveiled in 1886.

The statue is the largest of its kind in the world. Miss Liberty is a "perfect thirty-six," measured by feet, not inches. She is one hundred and eleven feet tall and is thirty-five feet around the waist. Her mouth is three feet wide and her nose four feet long.

The United States Government pays all her bills, chief among which is five hundred dollars a month for the lights in the torch.

THE LOST SONNETS OF RAPHAEL

The Master Painter Loved a Baker's Daughter. He Wrote a Hundred Sonnets to Her—Where Are They?

BY M. B. LEVICK

"Raphael made a century of sonnets." In that line Robert Browning, in his poem "One Word More," has passed on to our latter-day world a story which is closely linked with the painter's lifelong love. Great ladies smiled on Raphael Sanzio; family and titled friends busied themselves in selecting a high-born wife for him. He had eyes for other women, it is true, but tradition and biography say that in all his thirty-seven years his true love was the baker's daughter whom he first saw when he peeped over a garden wall and beheld her paddling in a fountain.

Were his lost sonnets addressed to her? The world is at liberty to think so, since they are accounted as lost. But were they ever written? Even that is not known definitely. Five of Raphael's sonnets survive; there may well have been more. Perhaps Browning, immersing himself in the lore of Italy, heard at first hand some old tradition. "You and I will never read that volume," he writes, but the most thorough of Browning's commentators cannot say positively that Raphael's lost sonnets are only a myth. If they were written they were lost: that is as far as the most learned can go.

Scarcely more is known of the baker's daughter—La Fornarina, to use the nickname given her long after her death. Legend endows her with a mind and spirit lovely enough to charm such a man as Raphael so that he could not live without her, as it was written. In an early copy of Vasari's life of Raphael some owner scribbled the name Margarita in the margin, opposite the paragraph in which Vasari says Raphael loved her till his death. In Rome three houses are pointed out as homes of La Fornarina and on one there is a tablet, which replaced an earlier tablet, saying: "Tradition states that one who became so dear to Raphael, and whom he raised to fame, lived in this house." Another of these houses was occupied in 1518 by Francesco, who was a baker and from Siena: the fact is recorded in a census.

In the Pitti Palace, Florence

LA DONNA VELATA—"THE LADY WITH THE VEIL"

Margarita Luti ("La Fornarina") was probably the model for this idealized portrait by Raphael. Margarita was the daughter of Francesco Luti, a baker of Siena. Raphael loved Margarita, painted her in a number of his pictures and wrote a "century of sonnets" to her

If Raphael raised her to fame in his own day it was doubtless with little purposeful thought of turning the world's eyes to her. Vasari says Raphael painted a very beautiful portrait of her and perhaps a second one, and provided for her in his will, and he tells also a story which shows how the painter was enthralled. His friend Chigi engaged Raphael to decorate his palace. But Raphael, though a prodigious worker, loitered. He dropped his work at all hours to be with La Fornarina. So at last wise and weary Chigi invited La Fornarina to his palace, and the work progressed under her eyes.

Their relationship was nothing unusual in that day. Raphael had wealth, position and

From a painting by Charles Francois Jalabert

RAPHAEL IN HIS STUDIO AT WORK ON THE SISTINE MADONNA

It is likely that the girl on the model stand was his inamorata, the baker's daughter. Her features and expression can be traced in the Sistine Madonna and in several other Raphael paintings, including the exquisite Madonna di Foligno in the Vatican Gallery

authority. Pope Leo X called on him to oversee the rebuilding of St. Peter's. The marriage of such a man would not unlikely be arranged like that of a nobleman, as a matter of politics and property, no matter where his heart might lie. The painter, though always postponing, had given his word to marry the niece of an influential friend. There was, furthermore, some talk of his being made a cardinal. And in any event La Fornarina was only a baker's daughter.

Perhaps policy caused Raphael to keep his sonnets hidden. One of his few existing letters shows what efforts were made to marry him off. In the same letter he suggests uncertainty in regard to his engagement to Maria, the niece of Cardinal Bibbiena, and then to lull his uncle's eagerness he generalizes in hopeful terms on the several profitable marriages he might make if he would. Maria Bibbiena saved conflict and confusion by dying early. Her tomb, near to Raphael's, says that she was his affianced. But the faces of the Sistine Madonna and many others testify that it was a different type which Raphael loved to paint. There is an authentic portrait of Margarita in the Barberini Palace, Rome. Several other portraits of her are of disputed origin. Presumably she was the model for the Sistine Madonna, the Virgin of the Fish, the Virgin of the Pearl, and the Madonna di Foligno, one of the gems of the Vatican Gallery.

Verse writing was a custom in Raphael's day and circle and he was the son of a painter who was also poet and scholar. Raphael's five known sonnets are in his handwriting, on sketches for his painting "The Dispute of the Last Sacrament." In truth, they are not highly regarded by the critics. Three are at Oxford, one in the British Museum and one in France.

Whatever the poetical value of these verses, they record strong emotion:

> Let my tongue burst its fetters and discharge
> How love destroyed me with his cunning ways
> And drew me down to my own loss and woes;
> But yet I thank his wiles, and her I praise.

At the end of this half-seen story of Raphael's love there is only a bit of circumstantial evidence. In the ledger of the Congregation of Saint Appollonia in Trastevere, a refuge for repentant women, there is an entry dated four months after Raphael's death. It reads: "To-day has been received into our refuge the widow Margarita, daughter of the late Francesco Luti of Siena."

FAMOUS OLD TATTLER

Samuel Pepys Lived a Full Life—and Told About It in His Diary

BY M. B. LEVICK

From a painting by Sir G. Kneller

SAMUEL PEPYS (1632-1703)

For just a hundred years the world has enjoyed the indiscreet and delightful confidences of Samuel Pepys—the diary of his daily doings between New Year's Day, 1660, and May 31, 1669. The diary gives us ten years of a busy and diversified existence, with the lid off.

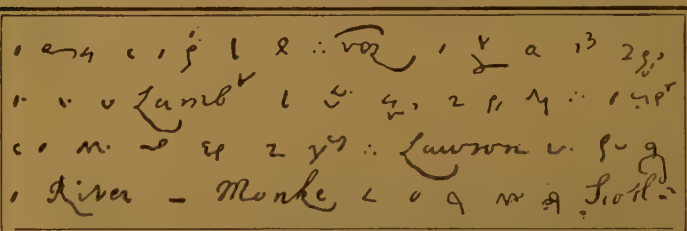
Pepys had not £40 in the world when he made the first entry; before the journal ended he had his own coach. He lived thirty years after the journal stopped, attaining high honor, but it is his ten diary years that have kept his memory alive till to-day.

If he quarrels with his pretty wife, down it goes in the diary: "I did give her a pull by the nose." If a friend gives him an excellent mastiff named Towser, or if he sings "Goe and bee hanged, that's good-bye" (a favorite song of the day), it is noted; and if he kisses other men's wives—which is often—that too is entered, with name, date and place. The gossip of the lively court in the restoration period is chronicled here beside personal trivialities; why Mrs. Stewart, the beauty, left court, for instance, and how Charles II upbraided his "light of love," the Countess of Castlemaine, when she had a passage at arms with the queen, and how London behaved during the plague and the Great Fire. It is all entered in the fine shorthand which, after ten years' use, caused Pepys to fear he was going blind.

After his death in 1703 the three thousand pages of pothooks went, with the rest of his library, to his university, Cambridge. Attention was drawn to the undeciphered diary in 1728, but it was nearly a century before it was unraveled. The key was found in a shorthand textbook of 1641, one of the several systems Pepys had gathered. An undergraduate, John Smith, after working fourteen hours a day for three years, sent the first version of the diary to press in 1825. Later another man did the work all over again.

John Smith was studying for the clergy and he found much to shock him in Pepys' candor. Not the least to harrow him, perhaps, was the picture of Pepys himself in church: "I did entertain myself with my perspective glass up and down the church, by which I had the great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many very fine women; and what with that and sleeping I passed away the time till the sermon was done."

There is a marvelous array of women in the diary: ladies of station and artisans' wives and serving maids and titles and actresses, and the wife who was only fifteen when she married him. He loved them all, including his wife, of whose beauty he was proud—and jealous



FACSIMILE OF AN EXTRACT FROM THE SHORTHAND MANUSCRIPT DIARY

It is transcribed as follows: *The condition of the State was thus—viz.: The Rump, after being disturbed by my Lord Lambert, was lately returned to sit again. The officers of the army all forced to yield—Lawson lies still in the river, and Monk is with his army in Scotland*

too. He was stingy with her till shortly before she died, along toward the end of the diary; but Pepys shows his pride in such an entry as this: "My wife extraordinary fine to-day in her flower tabby suit . . . everybody in love with it, and indeed she is very fine and handsome in it."

She was jealous also, but she had plenty of cause, dear soul. She risked the plague to return to London to spy on him (he had stuck to his government desk, which few officials did). She found no cause for suspicion. By great good luck for Pepys it was not that day but the next that Mrs. Knipp, the actress, went to see him. Mrs. Knipp, Mrs. Pierce, Doll this and Doll that, Deb Willet, Mercer, the maid whom Pepys, a music lover, taught to sing—poor Mrs. Pepys had to keep her eyes turning to keep track of them, and even then she could not. He kissed Nell Gwynn, the actress, when Mrs. Knipp took him back stage, but his wife was along and kissed Nell too that time.

ELIZABETH PEPYS

Kissing was commoner then: men kissed not only men's hands but lips. After Pepys defended the naval administration at the bar of the House of Commons he writes: "I met Mr. G. Montagu, who came to me and kissed me and told me that he had often heretofore kissed my hands but now he would kiss my lips, protesting that I was another Cicero." He decided to fine himself if he kissed women at parties more than custom allowed, but he gave himself a handicap before the forfeits began. He was always restricting himself in some such way against drinking or the theatre. He allowed himself so many plays, but was content if his wife, having missed a performance, gave him an extra night from her credit balance.

There is personal comedy in plenty, as when Pepys coached the tongue-tied bridegroom after having negotiated a marriage involving titles. It was all arranged before the couple met and then the youth had nothing to say. Pepys took him aside. "Here I taught him what to do: to take the lady always by the hand and lead her, and telling him that I would find opportunity to leave them together, he should make these and these compliments." Even that lesson is lost. They return from a coach ride: "Then back again by coach, Mr. Cartaret not having had the confidence to take his lady once by the hand, coming or going, which I told him of when we came home, and he will thereafter do it."

He saw his king executed and helped bring another back to England, was thanked by dukes and the king himself for his official work, advanced till he ate from silver plate, and then further so that he lent the king £28,000. In his late years he enjoyed the "Freedom of the City of London" for his generosity to Christ's Hospital. His portraits hang at Cambridge and at Whitehall and in the National Portrait Gallery; and his friend John Evelyn, diarist too, said of him: "universally beloved, hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skilled in music, a very great cherisher of learned men of whom he had conversation." He is cherished to-day, however, chiefly because he "kissed and told." Samuel Pepys was human—and he did not care who knew it.

Considering his modest beginnings Pepys, the lovable old gossip, had cause for pride that he raised himself to so high a station. His father had a small tailor shop in London, and there Samuel was born in 1632. His parents managed to send him to good schools and, later, to Cambridge University. His diary is the classic chronicle of the court and times of Charles II, and a sure antidote for ennui.

CARDIFF HILL, HANNIBAL, MISSOURI, WHERE THE TOM SAWYER AND HUCK FINN STATUE WILL STAND

This photograph, taken for The Mentor, shows the hill in Hannibal where Mark Twain and his companions played in their boyhood years—the scene of some of the Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn adventures. The excavation at the foot of the hill indicates the spot where the statue is to stand. The highway runs straight across the picture in front, so that the statue will face the passing travelers

TOM SAWYER AND HUCKLEBERRY FINN MEMORIAL STATUE

The Immortal Boys Will Stand in Bronze in Mark Twain's Own Home Town

Boyland the world over will be interested in an event that will take place at Hannibal, Missouri, in October—the unveiling of the statue of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn.

The figures, in the picturesque costumes of rural boys in the days when the West was young, are located on an enduring base at the foot of Cardiff Hill, of fascinating memory.

The site was purchased and presented to the city by Mr. and Mrs. George A. Mahan, who, with their son, Dulaney, have also given the city and the public the memorial statue of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn.

The monument was given with the thought that it would increase the reading of the two books "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" and bring about a closer knowledge and a fuller appreciation of those immortal boy characters.

"They were real Missouri boys," said Mr. Mahan in offering the gift, "typical of the time and place.

"As generals, statesmen and those who have walked along the shining pathway have been accorded the distinction—and with right—of monuments by an admiring people, it seemed entirely proper for us to do what we could to preserve the memory of two boys who have become such well-known literary characters."

Mr. Frederick C. Hibbard, the artist who designed the statue, was born near Hannibal. He has had the work under consideration since 1914, when Mr. Mahan wrote describing what was wanted.

Since the completed model has been exhibited and pictured there has been an amount of earnest and diverse discussion about it that shows how real and vital a part of American life the story of Tom and Huck has become. Most of the comments have been congratulatory, but some find in Huck not enough of the hardy young "roughneck" of the story, and observe that the face of Tom Sawyer bears "too angelic an expression for a boy who would feed painkiller to a cat."

TOM SAWYER AND HUCKLEBERRY FINN

"The statue represents," said Mr. Mahan, "Tom leaving to embark on his life's work, and Huck remaining. They have become older and larger since the adventures chronicled in their books. Each boy has a stick in his hand, Tom's with a little pack on it. They are no longer vagabond boys, having reached a period in life when the vision of achievement takes hold."

It is generally known that Tom Sawyer was Mark Twain's representation of his own boyhood when he lived in Hannibal. Huck Finn was Tom Blankenship, who in later years went to the Northwest—Montana, it is said—and became a justice of the peace, leaving a good name.

The Pike's Peak Ocean-to-Ocean Highway crosses the Mississippi River on the Wabash bridge and passes the statue on the street at the foot of Cardiff Hill. All the traffic east, west, north and south will skirt the base of the hill—and there Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn will greet daily hundreds of passing travelers.

Edgar White.

WHO, WHAT, WHEN AND WHY

On This Page We Print Such Questions and Answers Selected From Our Daily Mail as Seem to Have a General Interest

Question. Which one of the world's great libraries contains the largest number of books?

Answer. The Bibliothèque Nationale, or National Library, at Paris, has over four million volumes, compared with three million in the British Museum, London; more than three million in the Library of Congress, Washington, and approximately three million in the New York Public Library.

The National Library of France had its beginnings during the reign of Charles V, who in 1368 installed about one thousand books in a tower of the old Louvre. This king of France, surnamed "The Wise," was the first of his line to possess any considerable number of books. During subsequent wars the royal library suffered various vicissitudes, and barely escaped destruction at the hands of revolutionists. Two of its librarians were guillotined. In 1666 the library—which at that time was called the Library of the King, and afterward the Imperial Library—was moved to its present site in the heart of old Paris. The collection contains, besides printed volumes, five hundred thousand maps, one hundred and ten thousand manuscripts and over one million prints.

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CASTLE OF CHILLON, LAKE GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

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Question. What is the origin of the adage, "There is no royal road to learning"?

Answer. Euclid, "the Father of Mathematics," born at Alexandria about 500 B. C., replied in these words when asked by a pupil whether geometry could not be made easier.

✣ ✣ ✣

Question. Who owns Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington?

Answer. About half a century after General Washington's death the historic estate on the west bank of the Potomac was offered for sale by a member of the Washington family. A lady named Ann Pamela Cunningham of South Carolina undertook to raise a fund of $200,000 to purchase the property. She founded in 1853 the Mount Vernon Ladies Association. Seven years later Mount Vernon came into the possession of the association. A regent and thirty-four vice regents representing thirty-four states now manage the property and maintain the buildings. Portions of the estate that had been sold off have been repurchased. and furniture restored.

Question. Who was the "Prisoner of Chillon"?

Answer. A Swiss patriot, Francis Bonnivard, who by his defense of the Republic of Geneva in the sixteenth century incurred the enmity of Charles, Duke of Savoy. Captured by the duke, he was for two different periods confined in the dungeon of the Castle of Chillon, on Lake Geneva. When he was liberated in 1536 he returned to Geneva and died there, an old man greatly honored. Lord Byron made Bonnivard the hero of a poem. The castle itself is a notable object on the shore at the eastern end of Lake Geneva. Though its foundation is of earlier date, the square-towered castle as it now stands is of the thirteenth century.

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Question. What is the Vatican?

Answer. The name Vatican was first applied to a hill in Rome on the right bank of the Tiber. The hill is now covered by a group of enormous buildings called by the general term the Vatican Palace. Besides the palace used by the Popes since 1377 there is a museum, a library and a great number of other structures containing thousands of apartments, some of them decorated by Raphael and Michelangelo. The magnificent Basilica of St. Peter is also on the hill of the Vatican.

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Question. Who was the author of the first important English dictionary?

Answer. Dr. Samuel Johnson, born in England in 1709, completed the first large dictionary of the English language in 1755, after eight years of labor. This was the same Dr. Johnson who wrote "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia" and other works. His biography by Boswell is unique in English literature.

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Question. What is the Doomsday Book?

Answer. The Doomsday Book, so called because its record was regarded as final, contained a digest, in Latin, of the results of a census or survey of England undertaken by order of William the Conqueror, and completed in 1086. It consists of two volumes, which form a valuable record of the ownership, extent and value of the lands of England at the time. The book was long kept under three different locks in the exchequer, with the king's seal, but is now preserved in the Public Records Office, London. In 1783 an edition, printed from types made for the purpose, was issued by the British Government.

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THE OPEN LETTER

THERE is a difference between knowing things and *thinking* that we know them. In this busy world a man can go a long way on what he *thinks* he knows, provided he doth a careful stillness entertain—and no one asks him awkward questions. If he knows the technique of intelligent reticence he can play "Sir Oracle" almost anywhere. If he can maintain a highly enlightened expression, and say little, he may have the silent vote of the majority present, on almost any subject.

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A short time ago an acquaintance of mine—a man reputed wise in this day and generation—tilted his lance at what he was pleased to call the "utter obviousness" of the matter printed to-day in the public press—most of which he declared to be "an insult to the intelligence of readers." In high scorn he exclaimed: "Some day one of these fellows will actually *discover* the Ten Commandments—and tell us all about them."

"Well," I answered, "it might be interesting to hear what someone has to say about the Ten Commandments."

Then, holding back a minute, I added: "By the way, speaking of the Ten Commandments—*what are they?*"

He hesitated in astonishment at the question—then dodged—but I held him fast. "How about it now? You cited the Ten Commandments as matter obviously familiar to all. Well, what are they—all ten of them?"

Put to the test, he could *only remember four*—and he didn't get the numbers of those right!

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It is better to know one thing than *think* we know ten. More than that, it becomes us to hold such knowledge as we have in a "suspense account" where we can reconsider and revise it from time to time. Our general store of knowledge needs constant overhauling and revision.

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All of which is suggested by the fact that Mr. William Beebe comes back from a twenty-thousand-mile search of the Atlantic waters and tells us that he could not find the Sargasso Sea—that whatever facts history, legend and centuries of exploration have given us about this vast floating meadow of sargassum weed holding derelict vessels in the grip of death, it is not there to-day—at least, in the locality where the records of mariners have placed it. According to Mr. Beebe, natural forces may have broken it up.

Now, one of the questions on the famous list which Mr. Thomas A. Edison set up some time ago to confound the diplomaed university man had to do with the Sargasso Sea. Let us picture to ourselves a file of university "grads" facing Mr. Edison while he puts the question, "What and where is the Sargasso Sea?"

Then, as these benighted young men make varying answers, one boy, bolder than the rest, exclaims, "There isn't any Sargasso Sea!"

What a statement and what a scene! Imagine the consternation of the assembled "grads"—and the stern expression of the great Questioner! And yet it now appears that, of all those present, this simple lad *might* have come nearest to being right—at least, according to the latest evidence.

We must note carefully what Mr. Beebe has to say about this. Knowledge of the Sargasso Sea may have to be revised.

W. D. Moffat
Editor